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The Author with Hunting Falcon

Following page 128 (c)

• 223

Superb Specimen of Hunting Falcon

Falcon Perched on Protective Glove

Falcon with Trainer

following page 144(d)

Pages 145 and 146 contain no textual material

1: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala MD4

XXVII

Anaga—the Falcon

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THE FALCONER'S SONG

Arise, my brother!
Let us away to hunt with the hungry *silek*;[1]
Set the daring falcon upon my gauntleted fist,
Bring the leashed hounds,
And saddle my finely built *dhalul*.
Tie my speediest horse to her girth—
The mare of noble birth.
Let us ride once more
With the daughters of our blood,
With the wandering herds and our tribe
And the leader of our people.
Beloved friends!
To-day we ride with jubilant song,
Into the welcoming wilderness,
The hounds accompanying us in joyous voice,
And the mare with whinnying calls;
Never shall I tire of watching
The wonderful flight of the proud falcon
As he breasts the wind,
And how his golden eyes hold
The prey which his strong talons shall seize.

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The advance guard of the migrating Ruala had already reached the neighbourhood of the rain pools of Khabra Mirfiah, whence every day messengers brought word of new thunderstorms. In that region we could

[1] Singular. *Slukí*. Greyhound.

1: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala MD4

therefore expect to find game in great numbers, and 223
Amir Fuaz had immediate preparations made for a great hunt with his falcons and greyhounds.

For two days prior to the hunt, falcons and Sulkan were given nothing to eat. The slender hounds, lying about half-starved between the legs of the camels, seemed skinnier than usual, and the hungry falcons complained, crooning loudly and anxiously when anyone passed near them. The slaves had hooded them now, with small helmets of red, blue, black or green. These pretty leather hoods were ornamented with gold and silver thread.

On the appointed morning, when the hunt had assembled, Amir Fuaz mounted his war-mare. Dugan, one of his slaves, unhooded his pet falcon. Fuaz, about sixty paces away, gave the falconer's cry, and the bird straightened, recognizing its master's voice. Dugan let go the jess which he had held in his gauntleted hand, and instantly the bird rose, and, flying like an arrow to the Prince, settled on his raised right arm. Fuaz drew a hood over the falcon's eyes again.

"This is Anaga, the 'Meteor'," he said to me. "He drops from the upper sky and slays his opponent in the plunge. He can sail the higher heavens as safely as he can skim over the surface of the earth. To-day thou wilt see what Anaga can do."

At a sign from Amid Fuaz, we set out. The "whips" called their slim greyhounds by name: Shillah, Satha, Tarfa, and so forth.

They were unleashed only when the last tents were left behind and there was no more danger of the large

1: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala MD4

223 wolflike watchdogs and herd-dogs attacking the more delicate hounds and tearing them to pieces.

Twelve of the Amir's slaves carried hunting-hawks, each bird hooded and in full attire. Relatives of the Prince and other Ruala nobles also carried falcons on their mares, some of the birds borne on the riders' gauntleted wrists, others, in fact the majority, on the sheep skin which is spread over the horse's croup, when the Bedouin goes hunting.

The "*Sala*" or beater corps, comprising more than three hundred camel-riders and about two hundred horsemen, began to spread out right and left, to round up and drive the game towards the centre of our line. Ringed by the greyhounds, our wild troop galloped over the wide plain in the fresh morning air. Our hearts beat [787] with excitement. It was to be an auspicious and lucky day, according to every soothsayer whom Fuaz had consulted during the past days.

[531] The young Prince galloped at my side. On his raised fist sat Anaga, in its red leather hood embroidered with gold thread, on the top of which was sewn a beautiful pearl; and instead of eyes there blazed on its sides two precious emeralds.

"Aziz," cried Fuaz to me, "I love the wine of war—but, oh! I also like to drink the milk of the chase. Is not hunting the sister of war and the quarry a warrior struck to earth?"

He reined in, and I also pulled up my mare, to let the train of hunting comrades ride past. They were a splendid knightly troop, on beautiful mares and camels. The falcons balanced with outstretched wings on the

l: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala MD4

wrists of riders and the croups of the galloping horses. 223 ●
Cloaks, manes, and tails, plaits and head-cloths, saddle trappings, fringes, and tassels flapped in the wind. The shout of men mingled with the thunder of hoofs, the neighing of the mares, the screams of the hawks and the baying of the hounds.

Knee to knee, I galloped on with Amir Fuaz. Sharp [136]
eyes descried a heron rising higher and higher into the blue, although herons are rarely seen in this part of Arabia. Probably this one was on its way to the marshlands of Southern Mesopotamia. The young Amir was all excitement; he uttered piercing yells and cried rapturously:

"O my eye, my snatcher, there is thy prey!" and with trembling fingers, still galloping, he attempted to remove the hood and leg-strap of the falcon.

"O thou flash of lightning! O thou sword of the sky!"

The Prince was particularly devoted to this falcon. It [131]
was a tercel through its fifth moult, and a present from Ibn Khalifa, the Sheykh of Bahrein, who had procured it from the Bedouins of Jabal Shammar in exchange for a valuable mare. Having taken off hood and leg-strap, Fuaz swung Anaga up and down on his fist and then sideways.

"Open thy swift wings!" he cried.

With easy beat of wings and whining cries, the splendid bird rose into the air. Instinctively we drew rein to watch the spectacle. At first the falcon beat upward, but after a while he stooped and sailed in long flight close above the ground, without seeming to pay any attention to the heron.

1: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala MD4

223 One could only suppose that the bird took pleasure in the sweep of its flight and its skimming and turning close to the ground. Then, with a bold, effortless swing, Anaga rose in wide spirals higher and higher into the sky.

With short, vigorous wing-beats he flew above and beyond the heron. Suddenly Anaga turned, and with folded wings swooped upon the larger bird, but with a swift swerve the falcon shot past and utilised the speed of his downward plunge for another upward curve, which brought him into the eye of the wind and to a higher and more advantageous position. There he circled, watching for a while; then hovered in one spot motionless, like a star in the heavens.

Fuaz, watching his pet, called out joyfully:

"Now shalt thou see the heron falling into his claws as a fish into the fisherman's net!"

Still Anaga hung on motionless wings. Was he choosing the best course for his fateful plunge? Suddenly he gave one beat of the wings and stooped, wings folded, legs pressed close to the body, hurtling down like a projectile. Yet the big heron saw the lunge in time to measure its pace and escape on rapidly beating wings. Instantly the hawk checked his plunge; with an almost imperceptible movement of the wings, he changed direction, and at once was in full cry after the heron.

Now he lowered the path of his flight somewhat, closer to the heron; and now he swooped right over him, only his breast feathers touching, but the terrible gripping talon shot out and held the great bird by the neck. Tumbling over and over, the locked combatants

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came dashing earthwards. Torn feathers were scattered in the air. In the headlong tumble the falcon managed always to keep on top, and finally to release himself from the dangerous wings of the heron and give him the death-stroke with his knifelike claws. Only an experienced falcon can so release itself at the right moment.

The clever falcon was already soaring again when the body of his victim hit the ground with a dull thud. Anaga whirled aloft as straight as a fountain, only to return to us in an elegant curve. The wind whistled through its feathers as it swooped past our heads. In rapture, Amir Fuaz cried to his hawk:

"Anaga, O thou Meteor, O snatcher, O my eye!"

The blood-splashed, broad-shouldered falcon cooed happily, as if he understood the compliment, and with outstretched talons and widespread pinions, alighted gently on the raised fist of his master, who tenderly stroked the dishevelled feathers. As if drunk with blood, the bird began to shake himself, fluffed his plumage and smoothed it again, and blinked his gold-rimmed black eyes with their grey lids. Anaga was a diabolical creature, truly a bandit, but without doubt the crown of falconry amongst the Ruala was his by right.

For his magnificent aerial combat the slaves rewarded Anaga with a live pintail grouse which someone had caught. The falcon killed it by ripping its throat, tore out one wing, which he devoured, in order to reach lungs and heart. Then he tore and ate the strongest muscles of the breast. All else he left untouched.

A horseman galloped towards two greyhounds dragging up the dead heron, and took the bird from them.

1: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala MD4

223 The handsome crown feathers he plucked and presented to Amir Fuaz.

Our beaters meanwhile had been starting hares and other small game. The falcons used for such small fry were not of the same noble class as Anaga. The seemingly helpless hares had a means of defence, dangerous to their attackers, in the earth, which they can hug so closely and on which they can twist and double so quickly. One of the falcons injured its wings so badly that it could no longer fly. But in spite of all, most of the hawks were clever enough to make their kills by driving their talons between the hares' ribs into their lungs. After a kill, the huntsmen had to hurry and throw a cloak over the falcon to prevent its feeding on its quarry before the hare's throat was slit. This prescribed method of slaughtering is not peculiar to the Jews only, but to the Ishmaelites also, for meat from which the blood has not been drained is forbidden as human food.

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The greyhounds were also set on the hares, but always in pairs. One dog gave chase, while the other cut off the hares' flight in another direction. But to catch the hare was no easy task, and many a greyhound took a somersault when a hare doubled suddenly.

XXVIII

The Young Gazelle Buck

A FALCON SUDDENLY LEFT his riding-perch amidst the advancing hunt and flew back. The huntsmen called to him threateningly, but in vain. Like an arrow he darted so close past the neck of my horse that automatically I leaned out of the saddle to avoid being struck. He turned in a flash and landed not far from me. I reined in and watched. With his out-spread tail propped on the ground, the falcon was grappling a snake in his talons, and with his beak striking at its elusive head. The snake writhed and coiled round the bird spasmodically, but could get no purchase on the plumage. At last, the falcon seized the viper's head and with a few circular movements twisted it off. A number of other huntsmen had stopped to watch the snake-killer at work, but when the struggle was over, and the bird started to eat its kill, one of them cried commandingly:

"Suhayl!"

Obediently the hawk left his quarry, and flew toward the upheld fist of the falconer, but just as he seemed about to settle on it, he suddenly veered, shot upward, and swept away like a stone hurled from a catapult. For a moment he hovered, high in the sky, then passed from our sight forever.

"The devil!" cried someone, and laughed.

"He is truly a devil!" remarked Amir Fuzz. "Few

l: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala MD4

falcons have such sight and still fewer such spirit. It is well that he seeks a mate. God grant that one day we may find his brood."

The call of the wild had lured Suhayl away, and he had obeyed the impulse of his blood.

With loud cries the Bedouins urged their mares forward, again racing each other. For today, however, though it was still early, the chase was over; for the heat of the sun is considered harmful to both greyhounds and falcons.

Amir Fuaz gave the order to rally, and we all proceeded to the previously appointed camping-place, where shortly after the pack-camels arrived with water-skins. In a straight line we were, at the most, seven miles from the main Ruala camp, but in our criss-cross riding we had covered nearly thrice that distance.

When fuel had been collected, coffee was made and hares and bustards roasted. From all quarters riders came in on breathless horses. Groups of men clustered round the small fires. The camel-riders of our beater-corps trickled in, bringing an abundance of game—pintail grouse, bustards, hares, foxes, badgers, gazelles. All the carcasses were ranged on the ground near Amir Fuaz and the other *shiyukhs*.

The thirsty mares were watered only after they had rested awhile, but the panting and tired greyhounds had water splashed into their mouths immediately. The falconers placed their hawks in cooking-vessels, partly filled with water, wherein the dusty birds fluffed and preened their feathers.

Huntsmen lay at ease, sipping coffee and talking.

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Near me a fine, full-grown, reddish-brown falcon sat 223
captive on a horizontal perch. It fluttered its wings and tried to fly away, but a strong leather strap held it fast. It had been captured only two days before, and its eyelids were still sewn together, as is the Bedouin practice with newly caught hawks. Dugan, the hawking-slave, had brought this wild bird along to accustom it to the riding.

Towards evening, Fuaz sent some horsemen to the 224
tribal encampment (the Ruala were in migration), to ascertain where his tent was pitched, and after supper, under the shining moon, we all set out for it.

That moonlight ride through the tranquil night was a wonderful experience. Widely spread out, in smaller or larger groups, we rode along at a walk. Mnahi, chief [533]
of the Amir's bodyguard, beat time to the Bedouin songs, which from a distance sounded like a faint, "Yo-ho-loo-oo, Yo-ho-loo-oo."

Riding up a rise, I could fancy that the earth ended beyond it; I always expected to find a dark abyss with an illuminated ocean, opal light and stars rising from its depths.

Lights did in fact appear as we topped one ridge—red campfires. They covered the plain below far and wide. It was a great Ruala encampment that lay before us in the shimmering moonlight—a magic picture, a fairy-tale of the desert. Distant murmurs fell on our ears, bringing a touch of reality to the unreal.

We rode down, a wave of singing horsemen, that melted away into the shadows of the black tents. Here we dismounted, tied our horses to the tent ropes, and

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hunted spread out over the plain and the drivers put 224
up ever new herds before them!

A group of riders, of which I was one, came almost within striking distance of one band, but the fleet gazelles always managed to elude us. The headlong ride had already lasted more than an hour, and our horses trembled and panted from exhaustion. Some gazelles had succeeded in breaking through the scattered line of hunters.

Amir Fuaz and his men now unhooded and released [223] their falcons. The liberated birds shot away. With incredible speed they overtook the gazelles and chose their victims. At first they flew above them close to the ground, then swept forward and obtained a hold between their horns or on their necks. With desperate plunges and side springs the terrified gazelles endeavoured to free themselves from their murderous assailants, but without avail. With their talons hooked in the scalp or the eye-sockets of the gazelles, the falcons struck wildly with their wings and beaks at their eyes to impede their progress.

Horrified, I reined in my mare. A blinded gazelle dashed past me, but she was no longer able to escape the pack of greyhounds which, overtaking her, seized her hocks which they did not release even when they tumbled over and over. From the swirling cloud of dust came the bleating, bellowing, and groaning of the stricken gazelle, which ceased only when the huntsmen, racing up, put an end to the animal's suffering.

The falcons soared above the heads of men and beasts, all wild with the excitement and the lust of killing. The

2:Musil S-4, 5 (no date)1928 MD4 Rwala MD4

Once the mice summoned a great meeting and agreed with one accord that every cat must wear around its neck a little bell which would give warning to the mice. The mice bought many little bells, and their chief, *čebir al-fér*, called on the bravest to come forward and undertake to hang them around the cats' necks; but so far no mouse has ever come forward. The little bells are lying in the storeroom of the mice, and the cats still torment the poor creatures.

The *ḫlewd*, mole, grayish in color, lives particularly in the depression of Sirḥân. Once a mole encamped with an owl, *búma*, a swallow, *rḳé'i*, a frog, *ṣufṣa'*, and a moth, *šerára*. There came to them a man riding on a camel. They all entertained him; he was the guest of all. At the time when the morning star rose, someone stole his camel from him. All his hosts had just fallen asleep. The lamentations of their guest woke them up. They at once left the camp and went in search of the stolen camel. The mole searched for it under the earth, the owl among ruins, the swallow among herds of grazing camels, the frog in the water, and the moth among garments and carpets. The butterfly moth is unhappy because it has not yet succeeded in finding the camel, and throws itself into the fire with the words: "Rather into the fire than live in dishonor."

CARNIVOROUS BIRDS

The Rwala divide birds into *ṭṭûr* and *ḫammar*, the *ṭṭûr* comprising all carnivorous birds.

Falcons and Falconry

The main representative of the *ṭṭûr* is the hunting falcon, *ṣuḳr*, which is often known as *ṭeǰr*. The Rwala buy hunting falcons from the settlers in al-Šeǰḥ Miskin and ar-Rḥejbe, who either select young ones or catch fully grown ones. The best hunting falcon is *al-ḥorr*. It is reddish brown, *aḥḍar*, with many white spots, *ṭrejwdí*, on its tail; or dark brown, *edbas*; or even black. The male falcon is called *šabbáṭ*, the female *šáhdna*. The Bedouins relate that the young falcon remains forty days in embryo, forty days before it is hatched from the egg, and that only after another forty days does it show whether it will fly or not; *arbe'în jowm fî w-arbe'în jowm bîz w-arbe'în jowm jeṭîr w-lâ jeṭîr*.

136 223 The best of the young falcons is called *ʿên en-nâder*; the second best, *ʿasîz en-nâder*; the third best, *ḫufʿijje*; and the one which is of no use for anything is *tibeʿ*. The male provides food for both the female and the young. It brings home *ḥubâri* (bustards) and hares. If the young one falls out of the nest, only the male looks after it. If the male perishes, the female is glad if she can supply her young and herself with jerboas and mice, which are not particularly good for the young. When the young falcons are able to feed themselves is the most favorable time to take them out. A dealer in falcons gives them food until they are fully developed, whereupon he sells them to the Bedouins.

FIG. 2—Hunting falcons.

223 The catching of full-grown falcons involves less trouble. The falcon hunter, *ṣarrâḫ*, seeks out a suitable spot among the rocks, prepares a hiding place there, places two or three stones in front of it, fastens a small net between them, shakes clay over it, and connects it to his hiding place with a string. To a thin cord he then ties a raven, a handful of feathers, and a pigeon. By means of a slender thread he fastens the raven to a large stone between the hiding place and the net and gives it water and food; he himself keeps in his hiding place with the pigeon, and waits until the cry of the raven shows that the falcon is circling above it. He then cautiously pulls the raven in, so that in its place there remain the feathers tied to the same cord, while the pigeon sits down by the net. If the falcon flings itself upon the pigeon, the hunter releases the net by means of the string, catches the falcon, and immediately sews up its eyelids, *yekuṭṭeb eṣ-ṣaqr*. After three or four days the falcon has become a little tame, *yewdîf*, and the stitches may be undone. The falcon hunter sells untrained falcons for eight to twenty *mejîdijjât* ($7.20–$18) each.

[#35]

2:Musil S-4,5 (no date)1928 MD4 Rwala MD4

The Bedouin has to train the falcon himself. The chiefs 223
generally have a slave who trains falcons for them and also hunts with them. If the chiefs wish to hunt themselves, they must also occupy themselves with the falcons, or else the birds will not be accustomed to them and will not return to them from their booty. The falconer needs a wooden stand about forty centimeters high, provided with an iron spike below and covered with leather above. Upon this stand, *markāba*, the hawk lives. On each foot it has a leather loop, *sibk*, from which there extends a chain, *marbaṭ*, passing about halfway down the stand. The falcon can rise a little, but it cannot fly away (Fig. 2). On its head the falcon wears a small leather helmet, *burḳu'*, which can be drawn down over its eyes and fastened under its beak around its neck, so that the bird cannot throw it off with its claw.

Shortly before sunset the falconer, *ṣaḳḳār*, puts a coarse leather gauntlet, *dess*, on his right hand, removes the chain from the loops, draws a long thin cord through them, takes the falcon on his right hand, keeps calling its name, *jad'i*, and swings it to and fro, endeavoring to make it fly. The falcon rises and circles above the falconer. He fastens the other end of the cord to a firmly fixed peg, takes a small riding bag in his left hand and a piece of meat in his right hand, and with this he beckons to the falcon, calling it by name. If the falcon does not clutch, he slowly treads on the rope until the bird finally dashes upon the meat. When the falcon after a few days of training returns of its own accord, he lets it go entirely free. Then he obtains a hare, which has either been wounded by a shot or has one leg broken, and he sets, *jihadd*, the falcon and a greyhound, *sluke*, on to it. If the falcon catches it, he lets it have it all. When the falcon has caught and devoured several wounded hares with the help of the greyhound, the falconer goes out hunting with it. He fastens it on a small chain behind the saddle of the camel, takes a riding bag with him, calls the greyhound, and rides out beyond the camp. If the greyhound raises a hare or a *ḥubāra* bird, the hunter unlooses the falcon, takes it on his right hand, rides up at a trot behind the dog, and sets the bird on the hunted animal. The falcon looks round, lifts its wings, *jiferfer*, and, observing the prey, *ṣale'*, flies after it. It catches the *ḥubāra* immediately, but the hare usually slips away, hides, and thus escapes its beak. If the falcon swoops

2;Musil S-4, 5 (no date) 1928 MD4 Rwala MD4

223 down upon the hare, this is called *aṭ-ṭejr jedlih*. If it succeeds in plunging its talons into the hare's back, *'alak*, the falconer rides up at full speed behind it, covers it and its prey with his cloak, slaps, *jiṭabṭeb*, the bird on the back, shouting "*kiš kiš*," and endeavors to remove it, *tenaḥneš*. The falcon receives its share of the prey only inside the tent, never on the open plain. A well-trained falcon can catch as much as ten *ḥubâri* and twenty hares a day, but only if there is an abundance of game. But there are few falconers who keep their falcons as long as three or four months, as they all get lost. In February and March they do not return, especially if they meet with wild falcons.

539ᵉ 517 524 The young Bedouin is fond of hunting with falcon and greyhound. He can then ride more freely among the throngs of his migrating countrymen and can approach his sweetheart, talk to her, or offer her his booty. He therefore sings:

Jâ lejt li ǧerwen w-jâ lejt li ṭir
w-ku'ajjeden nensef 'alejh aš-šdâdi
neǧi mâ beju as-salaf w-al-meṣâhir
w-neḥalli-l-ǧerwe w-aṭ-ṭejr ṣâdi.

Oh had I a hound for the chase! Oh had I a hunting falcon
And a little camel! we would place a saddle upon it,
And would ride forth between the leader's troop and the migrating tribe,
We would call to the hound, and the falcon would hunt.

223 539ᵉ The *ǧerwe* is the bitch of the greyhound species. The leader's troop of warriors, *salaf*, rides generally one or two kilometers in front of the pack train. The *ǧerwe* runs out in front and raises hares and *ḥubâri*, which flee from the danger behind the *salaf*, but are turned back by the migrating tribe. Thus a good falcon has the best opportunity for hunting between the riding troop and the camels with the baggage.

Aṭ-ṭejr 'ajja jâ-l-ḳṣej'i jeṣṭâdi
jâ alli 'ajja jeṣṭâd al-ḥebâre
lâ wa' ḥanâjef nakîjetah 'al-âdi
meseḥḥ ar-ripân 'afen aṭ-ṭejâre.

The hunting falcon, O al-Ḳṣej'i! has refused the chase,
Alas for the one which refused to hunt the *ḥebâre*;

2;Musil S-4, 5 (no date)1928 MD4 Rwala MD4

A pity is this loss; I shifted it into my other hand,
But it is like a *meseḥḥ ar-riṭân*, which because it is
a sluggard cannot be trained for flight.

The falconer seizes the falcon, places it on his hand on which he wears a leather gauntlet, unfastens the chain from its foot, and by swinging it to and fro in his hand compels it to fly. When one hand becomes tired, he shifts it into the other and repeats his attempt. The *meseḥḥ ar-riṭân* is a bird of prey similar to the falcon.

Aṭ-ṭejr já 'ammár já čáseb aṭ-ṭena
allâh w-lâ leh ǧerraten nastaḥdi bah
radat beh 'arda min al-ḳerânip ḥájel
'ámén šátén maḥḥaha biǧeridah.

Of our falcon which was so winsome and ever capturing booty,
By Allâh himself! there is no trace which we could follow;
It was joined by a hardy female falcon, a barren one,
Whose marrow after two summers and two winters had gathered in her feet.

The *ḳernâṭe* (pl., *ḳerânip*) is the full-grown female falcon. The *ǧerîd* are the falcon's legs from the talons to the knees. The female falcon had not paired for two summers and two winters; she had remained *ḥájel*, barren. In the opinion of the Bedouins the marrow — mainly that which has accumulated in the region of the shin — escapes from the bird's body during pairing.

Other Carnivorous Birds

The *ǧeleme* is a bird of prey smaller than the falcon, *ṭejr*, but larger than the *bâšeḳ* (known also as *čâṣa*), a kind of hawk. It catches and devours all *ḥummar* birds (see below, pp. 37—41) and seeks particularly after *al-ḳuṭa'*, the sand grouse.

The *meseḥḥ ar-riṭân*, a kind of falcon, is fond of catching the *ǧarbû'*.

The *bâz* is the sparrow hawk.

The *ḥdejja* is a kite.

2:Musil S-4, 5 (no date) 1928 MD4 Rwala MD4

136 The *'aḳâb*, eagle. Not even a *bâšek*, nor a *ǧeleme*, nor the falcon itself is safe from the *'aḳejb al-ǧerdân* species.

223 The *nisr* (pl., *nsûr*), vulture, especially the *ḥabaši* species,
825 is shot and eaten, for its flesh is healthful. Seven pieces of
757 its flesh dried in the sun are the best remedy for rheumatism and hemorrhoids. The patient should eat these seven pieces at once, cover himself with seven quilts, and sweat, and Allâh will help him.

136 The *raḫama* (*Vultur perenopterus*) migrates at the be-
825 ginning of the autumn rains and does not return until the beginning of the *smâk* season. The Bedouins greet its return with joy, for they know that within ten or fifteen days there will be warmer weather. The *raḫama* is unwilling to give up its booty and exerts all its strength to get possession of it. Hence the saying: "So and so craves for something like a *raḫama*. *twaḫḫam twaḫmet ar-raḫama*."

The *sa'adi* or *abu sa'ad* is the stork.

The *ṭarḳ* is a water bird.

The *ṭurâb*, raven, is found in three varieties: the *zâṭ al-baḳ'*, the smallest, is black with a bluish or greenish luster on its chest; the *ǧab'a*, somewhat larger, has a short tail and very tasty flesh; the *ṭurâb al-'aḳ'aḳ* is the largest. All three species accompany the camels far into the desert and from them they pick ticks, *ḳarâd*, and the larvae of the gadfly, *ḥeleme*; but they also gnaw at the blisters under the saddle, and for this reason the herdsmen drive them away. If they see a raven settling on a camel, they call to it: "Fly away into the inhabited regions! *ṭarreb ṭarreb*." Or: "Beware of the awl! The awl will prick thy throat! *mḥejriz jibeṭṭ leḥḥtuk!*"

777 If a man undertakes an important journey and observes
825 a single raven, he laments: "Oh! weary with weeping is the eye of him whom a single raven has approached. *já ḳard al-'eja min ǧâh al-ṭurâb wḥîd*." He knows that he will have bad luck, and therefore he will prefer to return. If, however, he sees two ravens, he exults: "Oh! blissful is the eye of him whom two ravens have approached. *já ḫazz al-'eja min ǧanaḥ al-ṭurâbên*."

539* The young ravens are more wary than the old ones. An
825 ancient raven was giving instruction to its great-grandson: "My son, do not trust people. If thou perceivest a man approaching thee, fly away as soon as he bends down. He might

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the powers that he had not bewitched any one on that day, 754
but was seized by the enraged brothers of the girl and dragged to her bed where she was still lying unconscious. Na"ûs took his spittle, *rîṣeḥ*, in his three fingers, besmeared the girl's throat and neck with it, and then walked round her seven times, after which the girl awoke as healthy as before. This sudden recovery confirmed all the women there in the belief that Na"ûs' eye could bewitch, and they took counsel together as to how they could destroy this injurious power of their neighbor. Knowing or taking for granted that the eating of [514]
human excrement was the best remedy in this particular case, they appointed a woman whose tent adjoined that of Na"ûs to apply it to him. So she watched him till he went to fulfill the needs of nature, *jeṭaḫalla' ḥal-ḥale'*, took up some of his excrement, *neḫaseḥ*, on a stalk, mixed it with flour, from which she then baked a thin loaf of bread, dipped it into melted butter, and inviting Na"ûs to dinner gave it to him to eat. Na"ûs, who was a frequent guest in his neighbor's tent, ate the bread and butter, praising its taste. From that time on no one complained of having been bewitched by him. His uncanny faculty had left him forever.

With some people the power of the evil eye is so strong [223]
that it can even bring down a bird from the air. Thus a troop of the Rwala were once riding through the desert. In one place they scared two birds called *ḫubâri*, which flew up, then alighted, and rising again flew some distance in the direction followed by the riders. Finally Ṣaḫr ál Murabbaṭ exclaimed: "Faith, we shall roast one of the birds; *wa' ḫallâh jî ḫada ḫal-ḫubâri naḥtuṭṭa.*" At the same moment one bird fell down to the ground as if struck by a bullet.

For protection against the evil eye small sea shells with 751
red, white, and green spots, called *ḫaraṣ es-safa*, are recommended, also two marbles, *neḫḫâle*. Both the shells and marbles 754
can be bought from wandering merchants. If there are none in the neighborhood, the Bedouin selects seven pebbles, *sameḥ ḫeṣwât*, pares off a splinter from the left (north) side pole of the tent, takes a grain of salt, *ṣowr melḥ*, and a small piece of alum, and sews all in a piece of new black cloth, *ḫobbe*. Still more effective is a fragment of a turtle shell, *'aṣm el-leḥa'*, fastened to a peg made of almond wood. Of the *neḫḫâle* balls or marbles there must be always two, a black and a white one. The latter gives protection in the daytime,